

peer down at us. They said: "Wah! Wah! Wah! Ah-hoo-oo-hoo-oo-hoo-oo!" and it was nothing else than cursing and blackguarding. How these monkeys did hate us! I never elsewhere have encountered anything like it in monkey-land.

This reminds me that there is one monkey species which sings; and I say this in spite of the sensational appearance of such a statement. The red howling monkey of the delta of the Orinoco is gifted with an organ-pipe voice, chiefly due to the expansion of the hyoid bone into a sounding-box. Sometimes a half-dozen or more howlers, in the midst of their peaceful enjoyment of life in the tree-tops will raise their voices simultaneously, and for three or four minutes warble together like a head-to-head male quartet on a lyceum platform. The voice of the howler rises and falls in easy swells, like August waves on Midland Beach, bass viols mingled with violoncellos; and it is singing—no more and no less.

In their native haunts, bears are as little given to

loud talk as other animals; but in roomy and comfortable captivity, where many are yarded together, they rapidly develop vocal powers. Our bears are such cheerful citizens, and they do so many droll things, that the average visitor works overtime in watching them. I have learned the language of our bears sufficiently that whenever I hear one of them give tongue I know what he says. For example:

In warning or threatening an enemy, the sloth bear says: "Ach! Ach! Ach!" and the grizzly says: "Woof! Woof!" A fighting bear says: "Aw-aw-aw!" A baby's call for its mother is: "Row! Row!" A bear's distress call is: "Ew-wow-oo-oo-oo!"

But even in a zoological park it is not possible for everyone to recognize and interpret the different cries of bears, although the ability to do so is sometimes of value to the party of the first part. For example:

Last February, one forenoon, I was sitting in

my office engrossed in I know not what important and solemn question. The park was quiet; for the snow lay nine inches deep over all. There were no visitors, and the maintenance men were silently shoveling. Over the hill from the bear dens came the voice of a bear. It said, as plainly as print: "Err-wow!" I said to myself: "That sounded like a distress call," and listened to hear it repeated. Again it came: "Err-wow!" I caught up my hat, and hastened up over the hill toward the bear dens. On the broad concrete walk, about a hundred feet from the dens, four men were industriously shoveling snow, unaware that anything was wrong anywhere except on the pay-roll.

Guided by the cries that came from "The Nursery" den, where six yearling cubs were kept, I quickly caught sight of the trouble. One of our park-born brown-bear cubs was hanging fast by one forefoot from the top of the barred partition. He

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SHOOTING FLYING-FISHES

SOME years ago while becalmed on the borders of the Sargasso Sea I attempted to secure specimens of the Atlantic flying-fishes, which leaped from wave to wave, by shooting them. They were so active that it was a difficult feat; but in California waters I had better success. Here a singular sport, with the great California flying-fish as game, has developed. The latter is three times as large as its Atlantic relative; provided with enormous side-fins or wings, while two near the tail also are important in supporting the fish in its remarkable flights against the wind.

The waters of Southern California abound in a remarkable fish, known as the leaping-tuna, which preys upon the flying-fish; and from June until August these warm waters are the scene of extraordinary exploits, the tuna flushing the flying-fishes, when the gunner, if he is prepared, shoots the flying game, which affords all the sport of woodcock or quail.

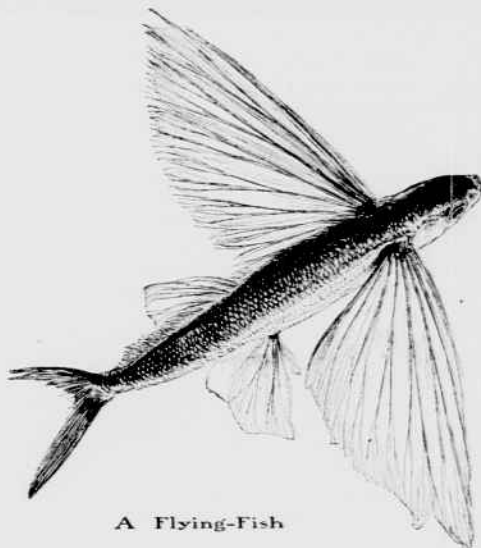
An automobile boat is employed for the purpose. The sportsmen sit in the bow, one on each side, and all being ready the boat is sent over the tuna grounds at full speed. The boat alarms the fishes, which lie on the surface, and as they hear the rush, and see the great black form coming, they believe it to be a tuna, and with a violent screw-like motion of the tail hurl themselves into the air, then spreading the fins or wings, assuming a position parallel to the water, about a foot above it.

It is now that the sportsman takes them. One rises just ahead and goes spinning away, caught by the wind and lifted into the air. It is cleverly knocked over by the port gunner, the man at the wheel stopping the engine, and the flier being picked up in a scoop-net and kept as valued tuna bait. The launch speeds on again, and presently two fliers rise. One soars straight ahead, the other bending to the right, so resembling the blue water that it is almost impossible to distinguish it, and the sportsman misses it, for it is by no means an easy shot. Now the boat is sent around in a circle, and as it shoots into a school of flying-fishes they rise in all directions and the gunners are demoralized. In such a flurry I have seen a flying-fish dash at the boat instead of away. I could see it coming on, big black eyes staring in an hypnotic manner, its four large wing-like fins still and fixed, not moving, as in flight. I could easily have caught the flier as it passed my head, but let it escape.

On another occasion a flying-fish struck my companion a stinging blow in the back, while another bombarded me in the neck, so violently that I lost my balance. The flying-fish is blunt-headed, resembling the gray mullet, and such a fish weighing three or four pounds proves a projectile to avoid. The sport is by no means easy. True, some of the fishes soar slowly; but when the wind is fresh and there is a little sea the flying-fish drops down into the hollows, rises over the seas, or appears to, so simulating the color of the water that it is extremely puzzling to the gunner.

No more attractive hunting-ground than the ocean moor of the tuna can be imagined. The high picturesque mountains of the California islands, the rich tints of the slopes, the blue waters, almost like turquoise, the great areas of calm, all make the hunting-ground one long to be remembered. The sport of shooting

By Charles F. Holder



A Flying-Fish

flying-fishes which are flushed by the boat is interesting; but what can be said when the great tuna flushes the game and takes the place of the dog?

Such occasions are not rare, and I recall one morning—a red-letter day in this novel sport. The auto-boat was bounding along at full speed in smooth water and suddenly shot out into the strong wind that came around a point. At the moment a large school of tunas came in out of the deep and charged a flock of fliers. The latter went spinning into the air in dozens, resembling with their lace-like wings huge dragon-flies. There appeared to be nearly one hundred of these large fliers in the air at one time; and as they left the water the wind caught them, and lifted them higher and higher until they were twenty or thirty feet above the surface; then they turned and swept down again toward the water with graceful swoop. It was then that we fired and took them to the right and left, the boatman casting off in the small boat with a scoop-net to secure them.

My companion shot one at a height of twenty feet, and as it fell with a crash a tuna just below the surface caught it. The next two shots met the same fate, easily understood as the big fishes were coursing about just below the surface, watching

for the fall of their prey, and followed their flight with great accuracy.

Exactly how long a flying-fish can soar is an unsettled problem. I often have seen them disappear in the distance or go out of sight. When they become weary the tail drops, strikes the water and whirls about violently, which forces the flying-fish into the air again; and by repeating this the fish can maintain its "flight" for nearly a fourth of a mile.

Over this long distance its Nemesis follows, a short distance beneath the surface, its body canted so that one eye holds the flier in view. I have seen a flying-fish pass over my boat and the watchful and unerring follower swim beneath it ready to receive it when it fell. The tuna in its leaps after the flying-fish affords an excellent shot for the rifle; but though many sportsmen have attempted the feat none has succeeded, though the leap is deliberate. The fish rises, turns gracefully, for a second being poised, then the head drops and the tuna plunges headlong into the sea. I have seen scores and scores of these fishes in the air about me when crazed by their pursuit of flying-fishes, expecting any moment that one might drop in the boat and go through it.

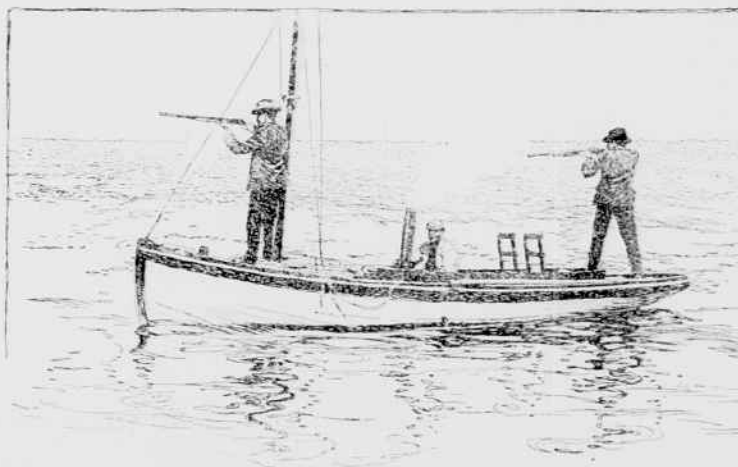
In Florida there is sometimes considerable sport to those who fancy it, in taking the jack with the rifle. This fish is not a jumper, but it has the habit of dashing along the surface with fin out, affording a good shot to a clever marksman. The true sportsman will not kill fishes in this way if there is not a demand for them. The California flying-fish is always in demand for the table, and especially as tuna-bait, while the jacks are table fishes of repute.

One of the most conspicuous of all the flying-fishes is the flying-gurnard, found in the tropics. I often have watched them in the Caribbean Sea, where their brilliant colors make them conspicuous objects as they dart away across the surface. As in the flying-fish, the side or pectoral fins are large, and are used as parachutes to bear the fish up; but they are not so firm as in the regular flying-fishes and quiver as the fish darts by.

If a blow from the large California flying-fish is disagreeable, that of the gurnard is a menace, as its head is incased in a coat of mail sufficiently hard to resist duck-shot, and men have been known to be knocked senseless by them. A case is on record where the hands of a small schooner off Nassau were at dinner, and hearing the sails flapping, indicating that something was wrong, went on deck, to find the man at the helm senseless on the deck. A large flying-gurnard had hit him on the temple, knocking him down.

So well protected are these fishes that it is difficult to shoot them, and they are of little or no value.

None of the flying-fishes, and the several species are found in many seas, can change its direction at will. They fly directly ahead, and when they turn it is because they tip up or down and the wind catches them and blows them aside. I have seen the fliers start fifty feet away and strike the steamer head on, or soar over my boat when the slightest movement would have diverted them. At sea they appear to go down into the hollows of the waves and rise out of them; but this is because the air forces them up.



An Automobile-Boat Hunting Party